**[The Museum of Us](http://nceonline.zju.edu.cn/new/books/book4/cached_general/u7_in_class_reading.htm" \l "null)**

1. In my mother's house, ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ away*** in a ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_*** , there is an aviator cap. It is a little ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_***now. The first time my grandfather wore it, he was 17. And it was 1933. In a small town in Northern Italy, Mario Messina had ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_a dream***. He became the youngest aircraft pilot in Italy. Ahead of this young man lay ***a long life lived \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_two continents***, a world war, a family and countless hours of flying. But in ***the photograph that \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_on my desk*** is a proud aviator, standing tall beside his plane.

[2] If I offered Mario's cap to a museum today, they might reject it because it ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_***significance to the general public and therefore it is not considered a museum piece. After all, many of those caps were made and many are probably ***still in \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_***. No one famous wore the cap. ***Nothing \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_unusual*** happened to the cap or the person wearing it. The life of the cap was ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_***and private.

[3] And yet it is no ordinary aviator cap. It is unlike the caps we wear every day to ***keep the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_Australian sun out of our eyes*** — caps that are fashionable but meaningless, caps that are **easily bought, easily lost and easily replaced**. **So what occupies that place between a museum *\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_*and *an everyday \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_object*?** And how?

[4] There are accessories and apparel that live in that place in ***the everyday, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_lives of many families.*** Many families ***house an \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, private museum*** ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_with items s***uch as my grandfather's aviator cap, which are ***not worthy of inclusion in public museums*** and yet are ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_different from*** the other objects which fill people's houses. They are not ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_or \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_***yet they are taken care of and ***their history is passed down \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_generations***. They may not carry (inter)national historical significance but nor are they ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_of meaning***.

[5] ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_*public institutions and private collections** stands a third type of museum ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_***— the Museum of Us. It is filled with objects that the family ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_precious*** because of ***an \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_association*** between an object and a particular member of that family. These objects are ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_with affective wealth and powe***r. They have the power to create connections between family members and between generations. They have the power of creating ***a feeling of \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_***, as they allow family members to know their family history ***through more detailed and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_***. I always knew my grandfather was a pilot; he took me flying with him when I was three. And yet, holding his cap, the cap that sat on the head of the grandfather I loved, creates something more than just the memory or the knowledge of Mario, the pilot. I touch it; I try it on. The love that I feel for my grandfather ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_in the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_of the aviator cap***. It makes me ***rich in \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.*** It makes me feel powerful from the security that ***positive family \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_***can bring.

[6] How did my grandfather's cap survive long enough to b***e \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_with enough meaning*** so that it could become ***priceless*** to us? Did Mario know, at the time of wearing it, that this would not be just another ordinary cap? That it was a precious item that belonged in the Museum of Us? I dare say not. These precious objects ***start out as ordinary objects***. It is only through time, re-visitation and ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_***that they become meaningful. I think of so many scarves, caps, dresses, handbags, ties and shirts that never had the opportunity to enter the Museum of Us simply because they were ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_***or lost too early to have acquired meaning.

[7] In order to get these pieces ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_***into the Museum of Us, ***it is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_on family members to become their \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.*** In my family at least, there is never a meeting or a conversation about which item belongs in the Museum of Us and who is to be its ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_***for each generation. There is only the odd Sunday afternoon conversation about the cap, or a story about Mario's wartime adventures, or ***a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_through an old family photo \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_***. Weeks and months and years can go by without family members viewing or discussing the piece. The ***meaning-making*** and hence the importance of it grows slowly and ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_***, ***through casual re-visitations*** by different members of the family. Through it, I can more easily maintain my connection to a man who was a wonderful grandfather, even though he passed away in the early 1990s.

8 Besides the cap, there are more items in the Museum of Us. They are ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_through the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_of my family members.*** They have no ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_;*** they have had no ***opening night \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.*** But maybe they should. Because these items are unique, not in the same way that there has ever only been one Mona Lisa but in the ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_***they have acquired from the stories written along each thread and stitch. These are the narratives that help ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_families together***. Perhaps the next iteration for my family is to come together and ***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_accession, curate, catalogue and display the precious, unique objects*** in the Museum of Us. And invite the rest of the family to an opening night party.

参考答案：**[The Museum of Us](http://nceonline.zju.edu.cn/new/books/book4/cached_general/u7_in_class_reading.htm" \l "null)**

1. In my mother's house, tucked ***away*** in a drawer, there is an aviator cap. It is a little fragile now. The first time my grandfather wore it, he was 17. And it was 1933. In a small town in Northern Italy, Mario Messina had fulfilled ***a dream***. He became the youngest aircraft pilot in Italy. Ahead of this young man lay ***a long life lived*** across ***two continents***, a world war, a family and countless hours of flying. But in ***the photograph that*** sits ***on my desk*** is a proud aviator, standing tall beside his plane.

[2] If I offered Mario's cap to a museum today, they might reject it because it lacks significance to the general public and therefore it is not considered a museum piece. After all, many of those caps were made and many are probably ***still in*** existence. No one famous wore the cap. ***Nothing*** distinctively ***unusual*** happened to the cap or the person wearing it. The life of the cap was mundane and private.

[3] And yet it is no ordinary aviator cap. It is unlike the caps we wear every day to ***keep the*** harsh ***Australian sun out of our eyes*** — caps that are fashionable but meaningless, caps that are **easily bought, easily lost and easily replaced**. **So what occupies that place between a *museum*** piece **and *an everyday functional object*?** And how?

[4] There are accessories and apparel that live in that place in ***the everyday,*** unremarked ***lives of many families.*** Many families ***house an*** invisible***, private museum*** populated ***with items s***uch as my grandfather's aviator cap, which are ***not worthy of*** inclusion ***in public museums*** and yet are distinctly ***different from*** the other objects which fill people's houses. They are notcatalogued ***or*** curated yet they are taken care of and ***their history is passed down*** through ***generations***. They may not carry (inter)national historical significance but nor are they devoid ***of meaning***.

[5] Alongside **public institutions and private collections** stands a third type of museum invisibly — the Museum of Us. It is filled with objects that the family deems ***precious*** because of ***an*** affective ***association*** between an object and a particular member of that family. These objects are inscribed ***with affective wealth and powe***r. They have the power to create connections between family members and between generations. They have the power of creating ***a feeling of*** belonging, as they allow family members to know their family history ***through more detailed and*** tangible narratives. I always knew my grandfather was a pilot; he took me flying with him when I was three. And yet, holding his cap, the cap that sat on the head of the grandfather I loved, creates something more than just the memory or the knowledge of Mario, the pilot. I touch it; I try it on. The love that I feel for my grandfather coalesces ***in the*** fibres ***and*** stitches ***of the aviator cap***. It makes me ***rich in*** connectedness***.*** It makes me feel powerful from the security that ***positive family*** links can bring.

[6] How did my grandfather's cap survive long enough to b***e*** inscribed ***with enough meaning*** so that it could become priceless to us? Did Mario know, at the time of wearing it, that this would not be just another ordinary cap? That it was a precious item that belonged in the Museum of Us? I dare say not. These precious objects ***start out as ordinary objects***. It is only through time, re-visitation and conservation that they become meaningful. I think of so many scarves, caps, dresses, handbags, ties and shirts that never had the opportunity to enter the Museum of Us simply because they were discarded or lost too early to have acquired meaning.

[7] In order to get these pieces accessioned into the Museum of Us, ***it is*** incumbent ***on family members to become their guardians.*** In my family at least, there is never a meeting or a conversation about which item belongs in the Museum of Us and who is to be its guardian for each generation. There is only the odd Sunday afternoon conversation about the cap, or a story about Mario's wartime adventures, or ***a*** flick ***through an old family photo*** album. Weeks and months and years can go by without family members viewing or discussing the piece. The ***meaning-making*** and hence the importance of it grows slowly and organically, ***through casual re-visitations*** by different members of the family. Through it, I can more easily maintain my connection to a man who was a wonderful grandfather, even though he passed away in the early 1990s.

8 Besides the cap, there are more items in the Museum of Us. They are scattered ***through the*** wardrobes ***and*** chests ***of my family members.*** They have no display cabinet***;*** they have had no ***opening night*** festivities***.*** But maybe they should. Because these items are unique, not in the same way that there has ever only been one Mona Lisa but in the uniqueness they have acquired from the stories written along each thread and stitch. These are the narratives that help sew ***families together***. Perhaps the next iteration for my family is to come together and purposefully ***accession, curate, catalogue and display the precious, unique objects*** in the Museum of Us. And invite the rest of the family to an opening night party.